Ms. Tameko, after many weeks of pestering the Mr., has at last made him promise to take her out Sunday to see the autumn flora. Unsure whether the morning might be clear or dreary, she makes up her face with a weary eye for the radiant patterns in the sky.

Her face she powders and rouges. Some features she enhances, others she diminishes, as her companion holds up the mirror. She makes certain the face she puts on conceals all those things she would never reveal to her Mr.

This, then, is her face as she dons her kimono, and her lady's maid sets the collar in order.

Her leaving the house face. Appearances she keeps up for the neighborhood busybodies, walking with just the right distance between herself and her Mr. A face that seems to dispense with the ordinary, so much so that people say, "I have no idea who that woman is!"

Riding the train, lurching and rumbling, a face of sudden shock. She enters the Hundred Flower Garden in Mukojima. In this refuge from the hustle and bustle of city life, she feels completely at peace. As Ms. Tameko giddily sips at her cup of shboucha, "ah, now this is TRUE elegance," her face appears to say.

She strolls about the garden. Alas! The WRENCHING sound of insects crying out from the thicket! "Ah, the joy and sadness of it all." says her face, straining to hear.

She attempts the tunnel of bush clover. As she struggles to pass her way through, "what on earth..." her face moans and groans. "Uh, this is absurd! Now I have gentle morning dew running down my neck!"

On their way back, the Mr. runs into a coworker. What do we have here? As they chat, Mr. and coworker appear to be keeping to themselves. Tameko is called over by her husband to be introduced. All of a sudden, he grows quite serious, "XX-san, that's quite the lazy love you have there. You should consider yourself fortunate, madam," he says, thinking only to flatter her husband. So, Ms. Tameko makes up a face of great embarrassment.

"It's getting to be just about that time... we ought to head somewhere for a bite to eat." "But the all the prices around here are so high!" "Alright, then, where should we go?" "Indeed, where SHOULD we go..." All this and more their faces seem to worry.

By and by, they make their way to where a number of restaurants meet their demands. "Oh, my feet are killing me..." her face now appears to say.

The food arrives. "I'm the only one who actually seems to be EATING..." says her face.

Their bellies full, they find their way to a motion picture theater. First up, a long, tragic feature film. Her face can hardly bear the weight of the tears welling up in her eyes. Next a friendly little Chaplin comedy. Now it cannot help but laugh with the force of her belly jiggling her slack jaw, it too IN MOTION.

An autumn night: lured by the light of streetlamps to wander by storefronts, there in the shop window she spies the latest pattern! Her face with eyes that cannot help but see what is before them! Then a face to coax the Mr... "my DEAREST darling, this here is the one thing I desire most in the whole world!"

So he buys it, her face perfectly suited for clutching a bolt of fabric. Her Mr complains of a dry throat, so the pair pop into a nearby cafe.

One would never suspect just how drunk her husband is getting. So, as they leave the cafe to race for the train, he gives voice to a rather naughty distemper. Ms. Tameko's face, her voice crying out, pleads for him to come on already.

The pair just barely make the last train, but in their faces one can see how peace now reigneth over the land.

On a clear fall day, Ms. Tameko has just sent her mister off to work, so she makes up a to do list for the day's chores. She wraps her head in a towel, ready to get down to work, "alright, then, high time I tidied up all the dirty laundry piling up in the closet."

She opens the closet to take a look and discovers a completely different pile from the one she had assumed was gathered there, with an overcoat folded over the top to conceal it. "This won't do at all! Who's responsible for this?" her face cries out to whomever did the deed.

From the pocket of one of her husband's heaped up jackets slips a calling card with the name Akiya Kikunoko written upon it. "I'm gonna wring his grubby little neck!" her face now says.

She stuffs the card into her obi and makes up a face that says, "when that bastard gets home, I'll set him straight." But only after the hairdresser has come for her regular appointment, can she get to the bottom of the matter. Until then nothing to be done. So she makes up a face that, though unwilling, says with grace and poise, "go ahead, do as you please."

Her face as her hair is combed out. "Madame's mane is a marvel to behold" quoth the hairdresser, in effort to flatter

"Now that I am but an old woman, my beauty has almost entirely faded away," says her face, drawing pride from an excess of humility.

Ms. Tameko's face meets the mirror. The hairdresser takes her leave. On its surface, a voice says, "why, hello there, mister fishmonger, how do you do?

Stepping outside, with calculated discretion she chooses among her many options. She settles on a small aji. But when she hears the price——what? 25 sen for just one! "We cannot consume fish with such abandon!" says Ms. Tameko's face, in complete shock.

The woman of the house next door has emerged from her gate holding a baby in her arms. "Ba — ba — ba — baaaaby" her face says, as she rocks the child back and forth. While in her company, Tameko still wears the towel her hairdresser wrapped her in. That's when the figure of her returning Master makes its appearance.

As she helps her husband out of his clothes, she puts on such an air of indifferent "hmmmm," that he asks, "hey, what's the matter with you today?" To which her face says, finally, bluntly, "nothin much."

Seated opposite one another, they eat their evening meal. Little by little she dares to defy him, "my dear, I have here what appears to be a calling card."

She expects her husband to make a number of excuses, like "eh? She's just a friend I chum around with" to which she might turn up her nose.

Angered by her impertinence, he storms off to his study. "Here!" She looks to the printed matter before her, with a photograph of the one and only Akiya Kikunoko. Secretary for the Ladies Patriot Auxiliary, at 65, she canvasses the neighborhood to help provide relief for those about to be shipped off. Realizing the cause of her jealousy is THIS woman, all Tameko can say is, "oh dear..."

Her Master shows her one more photograph he has retrieved from his study. This one depicts Ms. Tameko in the girlish figure of an unmarried crybaby. "Darling, where on earth did you find this thing... would you please tell me..." "No."

"I said PLEASE tell me..." "No." As he snatches the photograph back from her, so goes their comedy of errors.

Satisfied with what he's wrought, her husband returns to his study, while she catches up on her reading over a cup of tea. After only a short while, she lets out a single yawn and says, "I suppose I'll turn in," as the clock DING..DINGS 11.

December draws near, and with it a notice of the increase in next year's rent by a third. Ms. Tameko is now pregnant, her belly grown full, before long her child will be born. With that and the increase, how will they manage to go on living the way they do? She gets it in her head to move, so she consults with her Mr as to where they might go.

Her husband, carefree as ever, wonders, "hmm, what should we do... I suppose there's no need to rush things..." as he gingerly lets the conversation sink in. Ms. Tameko sees what he is doing and fetches from the kitchen a lone pickled daikon, to dangle before his nose. "My dear, nowadays this single pickle costs us 35 sen. In no time at all, we will have a child to care for, a child who should be our first concern..." Her Mr.'s eyes grew wide, "you're right, this won't do at all! We move at once!"

In a world where PRIVATION prevails, the scarcity of rooms to let means even those going for much more than a song are decidedly second rate. Even so, in a ramshackle old hut, one might rent PIECE OF MIND for as little as 30 or 40 yen. This, then, will just have to do, even if, at first, one does not find the place to be entirely UNOCCUPIED.

Ms. Tameko is only barely looking, and already things to DISCOUNT have entered into the deal. Such DETERMINED signs are everywhere apparent, so with suspicious, arrogant, DISCERNING eyes, she casts her gaze about, from the tippiest top to the dingiest bottom.

On the day of the move, Ms Tameko carries all the fragile items from the house by hand, such that each person she passes has to comment, "oh, it looks like someone is on the move.. have they found a tenant for your old place yet?" much to her annoyance, evidence of the hardship born from the dearth of homes to rent.

How often the curtain rises on the confused, comedic turmoil of moving day! In the mouth of a MISTRESS, the MENIAL gives voice to satire, "looks like these aren't quite ripe yet!" as she tosses the shoes into a bucket of pickling spices.

You would think the kettle is crawling about on its own, but in fact someone has tied it to the cat so that it won't run away!

She digs the unused iron rice pot out from under the porch, along with the firewood, so that when it's time to make dinner, she won't throw a fit after looking everywhere else for it.

The next day, Ms. Tameko visits her younger sister, who is sick with the Spanish Flu.

On her way back home, she lets out a sneeze——HACHOO!——as she walks along the river bank. In time with the sneeze, she spits out her false teeth onto the hat of a hunchback walking beside her.

She attempts to SAVE FACE by delicately explaining the situation as she returns the false teeth to her mouth.

HAVE I TOO BEEN INFECTED? she worries.

Later in the day, in turmoil over whether her case might become serious enough to require the aid of a physician—

—Her husband has quit work for the day, the evening of the 27th, just as sunset draws near. She hears him calling out from the entryway, "Tameko! Tameko! Get up! Get up! With this 12 percent bonus my salary has gone up 3 percent!" She cannot help but leap to her feet.

"Well, then, I can't just sit here wallowing in misery so leisurely. There's so much food I have to eat, if I'm to be ready for spring!"